

Chapter 875 Drive Kathie Away

Janet was visibly upset. She didn't want to get Brandon involved in her work. "Don't worry," she said reassuringly. "I can handle it myself."

"What's your plan?" Brandon asked. "Confront her face to face? Do you have any evidence to prove it was Kathie who planned everything last night?" Brandon's questioning hit the nail on the head.

Janet lowered her head and took a slow, deep breath to calm down. "What are you going to do then?" she asked.

Holding her hand gently, Brandon turned back to the painting. "Don't let someone like Kathie ruin our day," he advised. "Let's enjoy the exhibition for now. It's interesting."

Janet's spirits were low. "They really did ruin my day, though," she muttered bitterly.

Putting his arm around her shoulder, Brandon said, "Someone told Zuri that I came here. She sent me

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Putting his arm around her shoulder, Brandon said, "Someone told Zuri that I came here. She sent me a message this morning to say how sorry she felt for you. She also said that she'd handle it accordingly. You needn't worry about it."

Janet threw a glance over her shoulder at Kathie, and then nodded obediently.

Kathie was still talking to the female model beside her. She hadn't noticed Janet.

Kathie laughed for a while, before realizing that her volume was inappropriate. Covering her lips, she said, "It was lucky you slipped away early and didn't get caught."

The short-haired model looked at her sharply. "But the people we hired were all arrested," she said. Her eyes darted around nervously.

Kathie wasn't worried about the arrests, however. "It's such a shame though," she replied lightly. "I paid them to do things for me, but they failed."

Her voice took on a whinier tone. "Honestly, you're useless. Do you know how hard I had to work to buy time for you? And in the end, you messed up anyway."

The model was appalled. "How could you blame us?" she asked. "You should have done a more thorough investigation of who she was before you took action."

The model lowered her voice. "That woman is Brandon Larson's wife!" she hissed. "The White family's daughter! We never should have offended

her. Brandon would never let us get away with it."

The short-haired model and her companions had all been frightened when Janet's identity had been revealed yesterday.

Fortunately, they had left immediately after surrendering Janet to the burly men. If they'd lingered a moment longer, they would have been caught and beaten mercilessly by Brandon's bodyguards.

Just the thought of it made the model touch her face in fear.

Kathie was shocked too. It had never occurred to her that Janet might be the daughter of the White family, let alone the wife of Brandon!

Brandon Larson was a legend!

Kathie's instinct had been to dismiss Janet as just another poor designer; neither from a noble family, nor worthy of a noble man. As such, she hadn't thought to have Janet investigated.

"Never mind," said Kathie. "It's all over now. Janet won't ever know it was us. I guess she entered the fashion world just for fun. She's the daughter of a rich family and the wife of a rich man, so I doubt

she'll be looking into it too much or even suspecting a setup." Kathie reasoned away her fear. 3

Thanks to Kathie's explanation, the female model was no longer panicking. They continued to watch the art exhibition. All of a sudden, a man walked purposefully towards them, followed by a dozen bodyguards.

"Excuse me, ma'am," the man said. "You are no longer welcome at this exhibition. Please leave." The man then instructed the nearest bodyguard to escort Kathie and the female model out of the building.

Kathie immediately took offense. Her face flushed a violent crimson and she began arguing with the man. "What are you doing?!" she screeched. "We have tickets!"

"Miss Jimenez," the man replied calmly, "you and your friend have been blacklisted. The two of you are not allowed to attend any more shows or exhibitions." 2

Kathie's eyes widened in shock.

She glanced at the female model standing next to

her, and they both asked the same question at the same time. "Why? We didn't do anything!"

The man in charge smiled patiently. "You know what you did," he said. "We've just received an order to have you escorted out. Oh, and a final piece of advice: do not think that bad deeds go unpunished. The mills of God grind slowly, but surely." 2

At that, the bodyguards ruthlessly ushered Kathie and the female model out of the venue.


Being chased out of the exhibition left Kathie feeling humiliated. She had almost been pushed to the ground.


Looking back at the door closing behind her, Kathie caught sight of Janet waving goodbye from inside. A flash of anger compelled Kathie to rush back in, but the door closed too quickly. 5

"Shit!" she spat. "It's Janet." Kathie banged on the door, releasing some of her shock and anger. "It appears as though Brandon was already aware of the situation," she said finally.

The short-haired female model stood next to her, gnashing her teeth angrily. "What are we supposed

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to do now?" she cried. "We've both been blacklisted!" 

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